

# Dan and the Broken Girl

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Summary: Dan Howell bumps into a strange girl on the street, and becomes inexplicably caught up in her life, love, and painful past.

## 1. An Unexpected meeting

Dan Howell strode down the street, hands tucked into the pockets of his black jeans. His galaxy cats T-shirt flapped in the mild spring breeze that rustled the new grass at the edges of the streets. Shaking off the temptation to get a scone from his favorite bakery, he instead directed his attention ahead of him. He gazed at his worn sneakers, pointing toward the grocery store and tapping the pavement in an even beat, until someone slammed into his chest with a muffled "Oof!" Stumbling and nearly falling over, he grabbed onto the other person's arm for balance.

"God, why am I so clumsy?" He muttered, finally being able to stand up straight. He held the person he'd bumped into out at arm length. It was a girl, wearing a thick navy sweatshirt and loose grey jeans, despite the nice weather. "Are you ok?" He asked. The girl's huge brown eyes were filled with terror, for some reason Dan couldn't fathom. Was he really that terrifying? "Are you ok?" He girl squeaked, fidgeting with a strand of her long light brown hair, and whispered a quiet "...yes" before pulling away from his gentle grip and running off. "What's with her?" Dan wondered aloud. Whipping out his phone, he began to text, careful to keep his eyes on the path this time. Maybe Phil should know about this.

Dan, arms piled high with groceries, flopped down at the kitchen table. Those stairs! One of these days, he was going to tell the landlord that they needed an elevator. Actually, he already had. Twice. If only Phil had been here to help him with carrying the heavy bags. Phil was in Manchester, doing something or other for the BBC, and would be there for two weeks. Dan sighed, and began putting away the food. Whenever Phil left, the apartment seemed so lonely. It

was nice having someone to talk to, even if that person had an unhealthy obsession with Buffy. Suddenly, the almost-silence was broken by the chime of a received text message. Dan lept across the room and snatched up his phone and YES! The library finally had it! Dan had ordered a hard-to-find anime DVD and it hadn't come in for nearly a month. "F-ing yeah!" Dan slammed the fridge shut, shoved his phone in his pocket and raced out the door with speed very unlike him. He jogged down the street and jumped onto the nearest bus, bouncing lightly on his toes as he waited for his stop. The moment the doors opened, he hopped out and fast-walked the next three blocks as quickly as he could. At the library, he placed his hands on the desk and leaned forward, asking, "Um, hello. I ordered an Anime DVD, and was told it had arrived." The middle-aged man behind the desk chuckled and responded, "Well then, let me help you! What's your name, boy?"

"Phil Lester." As Dan didn't have a library card, he always used Phil's when he took out anything. The man bent down and looked through the reserved and ordered books, running his finger along each spine. He paused on one and pulled it out, handing it to Dan.

"This yours, Phil?"

Dan glanced at the beautiful characters on the cover, holding each other in their arms.

"Yes. Thanks! But before I check this out, can I look around to see if there are any other things that I want?" The man nodded and Dan walked over to the tall wire rack holding several manga comics and graphic novels. Flipping through them, he stuck a couple under his arm with the DVD and set the rest back. But as he placed one back in its spot, a flash of navy blue caught his eye. Peering over the bookshelves, he spotted the same girl who had bumped into him earlier. She pored over a thick fantasy novel titled Heir of Fire, and an enormous stack of books stood beside her. He watched, fascinated, as her expressions changed rapidly. First a look of rapture, then of fear, then of wonder, and finally, of happiness. She looked so happy, so content, as she closed her book. Setting it to the side, she let out a peaceful sigh that turned into a gasp as she saw Dan watching her. Scrambling backwards, she knocked over her neat pile, sending the books (and herself) tumbling to the floor. Putting down his anime and manga, he rushed over. Leaning down to help her, he asked, "Are you alright? That was quite a fall." She hesitated before accepting the offered hand, her grip tentative and loose.

"Uh, yeah. I'm fine," she muttered in a pronounced American accent.

"Are you sure? First you bumped into me this morning, now I've scared you half to death!" The moment he said it, Dan regretted it. The girl shivered slightly, biting her lower lip. If anything, she was clearly not fine. To break the awkward silence, he cracked, "Tell me, am I really all that hideous? When you shrieked, thought that maybe I was some sort of monster."

She shivered even harder, and a look of such pain and horror crossed her face that Dan himself started to shudder. "...No." she whispered. "You aren't."

She swiftly snatched up her books and fairly ran to the checkout line. Another young woman walked up to her and put an arm around her shoulders.

"Come \_on\_, Nicole, he's just another guy. He's nothing to be afraid of!"

"But-Celia, he lookedâ€¦ he looked like \_him\_."

Understanding echoed in the other woman's eyes. "Nicky, I thought we talked about this. Several times. He's not going to hurt you!"

The girl sighed. "Don't patronize me, Celia. I'm a month older than you."

"Alright, alright. Oh! By the way, I found a few apartments for you to check out-" and their voices disappeared into the clamor of the crowded library. Dan was rooted to the spot, still staring after her. Slowly, he came back to his senses and picked up his anime, mindlessly completing the task. Something about what that girl had saidâ€¦ scared him. He'd asked her a playful question, "\_I thought that maybe I was some sort of monster,"\_ and she'd said "\_\*\*You\*\*\_ \_aren't."\_ It was almost as if she'd met an actual monster. \_What happened to her? What happened, that she would be so broken, so hurt like that?\_ An unusually deep thought for such a sunny day. But he wanted to learn more about her, to find out who she really was. Suddenly, an idea barged its way into his head, an idea so crazy and stupid that it \_just might work.\_ Now, Dan wasn't usually the impulsive type, but he plucked his phone from his pocket and dialed Phil's number with shaky fingers. When his friend answered, Dan ignored all hellos and asked, "Phil, what do you think of having another person join the flat?"

## 2. The Apartment

Hey guys! Thank you so much for all you support and for reading this fanfic! Please give me some reviews, I would love to hear what you think of my awkward writing! I'll take any suggestions and ideas, and I would love it if you told people about me! I plan on writing a Fairy Tail fanfic, as well as one about Dan accidentally getting trapped in an Anime!

Tons of love, \*\*Cali\*\*

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><p>"Celia, I hate to break it to you, but none of them feel right." sighed a young woman.<p>

"Nicole! Come on, they were all fine!" groaned Celia, running her fingers through her long blonde hair.

"But in the uptown apartment, the neighbor looked at me weird, and he gave me this creepy smile, and in the west town one, the floor was all warped and creaky and-"

"Nicole! There is nothing wrong with the apartments! And you have got to stop freaking out like this! You look at every guy like they're going to hurt you!" Celia regretted it the moment she said it.

Nicole's face crumpled like a leaf, crushed underfoot.

"Oh Nicky, I'm so sorry. I didn't mean it." The other woman only nodded.

"If the apartments don't feel alright, then we'll look at some other ones, OK?" Sometimes, with Nicole, you had to act like she was a kid.

"Sure." muttered Nicole. Celia scooted closer and turned on her phone, tapping in the code with quick fingers.

"Hmmm... Oh! A new one just came in! The rent is... let's see... \$500 a month! You can afford that, easy! Plus it's got this gorgeous view over the city, look!" Nicole, who'd been ignoring Celia's babble, glanced at the screen, looked away, and whirled her head back again. A breathtaking photo of London at night, taken through a large window, beamed up at her.

"Wow." She whispered. "That is a gorgeous view."

"I know!" chirped Celia. "Ooh, and it has a breakfast bar, a huge living room and a downstairs!" She swiped through the photos, smile growing wider with each one. "You'd love this one! It's- oh. Never mind."

"What?" asked Nicole. "It seemed good."

Celia awkwardly scratched the back of her neck. "Uhhhh... you'd have to share it with two guys."

Nicole glanced down at her fingers, took a deep breath. "I still want to look at it."

Celia squealed, lunging forward and throwing her arms around Nicole. "Yes! I knew you could do it!"

Nicole grunted, almost choked by Celia's frantic embrace. If it was anyone else, she would've had a panic attack, but this was Celia.

"Ribbs." She wheezed.

"Oops! Sorry! But I can tell, you're going to love this one!" She snatched up her phone again, scrolling down through pages of information.

"The guys are very quiet, have never received complaints from their neighbors, etc. Yeah, they seem fine." She jumped up, slinging her purse over her shoulder and plopping her straw cowgirl hat on her head.

"W-what are you doing?" asked a puzzled Nicole.

"We're going to check out the apartment, silly." Laughed Celia. "Let's go!"

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><p>Dan reclined in a chair, eating malteasers. How could one small

thing be so utterly amazing? He savored the sweet milk chocolate and crispy, crunchy malt. Mmmm... Perfection in a ball the size of his thumbnail. His phone jingled loudly, breaking the peace. Dan sighed, placed down his bag of malteasers and answered it. It was his landlord. "Hi, Katrina. Why are you calling? I paid the rent a week ago, and plus, you live only three floors below me."<p>

"I'm not calling because of rent, I know you paid me." Katrina smiled. "I'm calling because, well, you know that ad you put out, saying that one more person could join your apartment? Well, someone seems interested. "

"Really?" Asked Dan. "That's great!"

"There were the rabid fans, of course, begging to live with their idols, but this person seems genuinely interested. I just sent them up."

Just then, the doorbell rang.

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><p>Nicole took a deep breath, and pressed the door bell, hearing it ring out into the apartment. Footsteps quickly tapped toward them from inside, fingers fiddled with the lock.<p>

Nicole started to shiver, drawing her arms closely around herself. Celia placed a comforting hand on her shoulder.

"Come on girl, you got this." she whispered, just as the door opened, revealing a the same young man she had bumped into just two days ago.

The man's eyes widened in surprise, and a smile spread across his face. "It's you!" he said.

Celia's eyes looked like they were about to fall out of her head. "W-wait. \_You\_ are Dan Howell? The YouTuber? OHMYGOSHI'MSUCHAHUGEFAN!"

The young man, \_Dan,\_ Nicole thought, stared at them with a slightly bemused expression. "Uh, yeah, that's me. And you are?"

Celia was beaming, more happy than Nicole thought was humanly possible. "I'm Celia, and this is Nicole. She's going to be checking out the apartment!"

"Alright, that's cool. Follow me." Dan turned and began walking back into the apartment. Celia and Nicole gave each other a long look, (excited on Celia's part, nervous on Nicole's) and they walked inside.

### 3. Discovery and Tragedy

\*\*Hey guys! Thank you SOOOOO much for all the support, because, guess what? I have 43 views on Dan and the Broken girl! Now, this may not seem like a lot to you, but to me, (The newbie I am) this is huge! A big shout out to Guest, who sent me my first review! I love all of you guys so much! I have a question though: I'm writing a story about

a wolf/human universe where society is divided by gender, and one girl who dares defy a powerful Alpha male. Does this sound good? And more importantly, does this count as a Fanfic? Tell me in the reviews! I hope you guys enjoy this chapter, though I am putting in a trigger warning for abuse. Love, Cali\*\*

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><p>"So, can I get you something to drink?"<p>

Celia, still starry-eyed that she was meeting her idol YouTuber, breathlessly responded "Yes! of course!" With an exasperated eye roll, Nicole accepted as well.

"What do you think of the apartment so far?" Dan asked.

"It was OK." shrugged Nicole. In reality, though, she was amazed. The flat was neat and tidy, and everything seemed bright and airy and open and... beautiful. She accepted the steaming mug of tea offered to her and placed it on the coffee table. Drumming her fingers lightly on the couch, she stared dreamily into the distance, ignoring Celia's pointed glare for calling the apartment \_OK.\_

"Well, we haven't even gotten to downstairs, so don't judge quite yet." Dan sipped his tea once and set it down next to Nicole's. Beckoning them closer, he turned toward the stairs and started down them. Celia followed like an excited puppy, but Nicole hesitated a moment before following them down.

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><p>"Well, here we are! This is the room that would be your bedroom!" exclaimed Dan, obviously excited to showcase this part of the house. Nicole peeked through the doorway and began to grin.<p>

"It's nothing much," Dan anxiously said. "It used to be our filing room. But we don't have much to file, so-" Nicole shushed him, still looking around, smile growing ever broader. "No, I love it." she whispered. "It's perfect." Celia almost had a heart attack.

"S-so you're going to live here?!" she shrieked. "T-that means that I'll get to visit, and-" Nicole shushed her once again, eyes traveling over the pale, worn wooden floor, snowy white bed frame, and whitewashed walls. "I love it." she repeated. Dan looked puzzled at her love of such a simple, unadorned place, but he shrugged and replied, "If you like it that much." They almost had to drag Nicole away from the room, back upstairs and onto the couch again. "So, here are the forms you need to fill out." Dan handed her an enormous pile of documents and a fancy pen, and turned away only to find Celia's hand on his shoulder.

"Can I talk to you for a minute?" She asked, her expression uncharacteristically grim.

"Of... course." Dan replied.

Celia pulled him into the hall, away from Nicole. She took a deep breath and began. "Nicole was sexually abused." Dan's jaw dropped. "By someone she trusted." Dan, shocked beyond belief, stuttered, "W-when did this happen?"

"Over a year ago, but she is still scarred and doesn't trust anyone. But this isn't my place to tell you this. When Nicole wants to tell you, she'll tell you." Dan nodded, still unnerved, but Celia wasn't finished.

"I don't care if you're famous. If I find out you've laid one hand on her without her consent, you. Are. Dead." With that last, ominous statement, she walked back to the living room. Dan, shaking, waited a moment before following her, just as Nicole had at the top of the stairs.

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><p>Nicole tapped the papers against the table, evening them out. "Done!" she exclaimed to Celia as she returned to the room. As Dan entered, she beamed at him, only to find his expression worried. He quickly switched on a grin, but she could see that something had disturbed him. "I... finished the papers." she said.<p>

"Great!" he said, in a faked cheery voice. "Now all we have to do is give them to Katrina, my landlord, bring your stuff in, and you'll be our new flatmate!" By this point, there was nothing fake about the cheer in his voice, and Nicole wondered, just wondered, if she had made a wonderful decision.

End  
file.